DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER 5

Mission 2 : Team Grieferz

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Mission 2 – ‘Team Grieferz’
By Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

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PREVIOUSLY:

Stop right there! You would dare to peek upon my diary without my permission?

“Please no…”

Oh, reader. I didn’t see you there. Please, have a seat by the fire.

“FOR THE LOVE OF NOTCH, YOU KNOW WHO IT IS! YOU LET THEM IN, LIKE ALL THE OTHER TIMES!”

Charles, is that any way to talk to our guests?

“I’LL THROW YOU IN A LAVA PIT IN A MINUTE!”

Nonsense, we’re nowhere near a pit of lava.

“RARGH!”

And now you owe fifty diamonds for that wonderful statue you just destroyed.

“AH TO HECK WITH THIS, I’M GONNA GO FIND SOME DECENT COMPANY!”

Don’t let the door hit you on the way out.

“YEEEOW!”

I did warn him.

My apologies you had to see that reader. Right then, on with the story.

You’re probably aware of how things are at the moment. How the bounty hunters, a once lowly organization who were picked on by the Admins, arose to become one of Minecraftia’s greatest defenders. How we now work alongside the Admins to battle all kinds of criminals, from griefers to hackers. How we’d finally earned the respect and loyalty of Minecraftia’s citizens…

But that was about to change.

Shortly after finishing one of our missions, rumors began popping up everywhere. Strange, haunting tales of a dreaded ship, which terrorized boats all across the seas. As they were only rumors, the Admins couldn’t investigate them at this time. They needed hard, solid evidence of what was going on.

Which came in the form of an attack on Whiteport, one of the most important Minecraft cities.

As such, the bounty hunters were at last sent in to deal with the situation. Comprised of myself, Charles ‘Brilliant’, Valiant Viktor, Huge Hugo, Luckless Larry and Magic Mance, all joined together through the bonds of friendship, loyalty and of course, giant bags of gold.

Arriving at Whiteport, we discovered our foe to be none other than pirates, a group of players who were presumably destroyed hundreds of years ago. A short search brought us to Brian, who told us of his battle with the pirates and how he lost his pet chicken Cletus at sea when they attacked him. We also learned the name of our foes: ‘Team Grieferz’.

We set sail, crossing the waters in search of these pirates. We were hopeful at first, but soon our search brought up nothing. The seas were devoid of all pirate life, making us question what was actually happening. Meanwhile, other boats, which had been confined to their ports for safety, were starting to venture out onto the water again.

Which of course, only led to disaster.

Team Grieferz did indeed strike again, destroying every boat in their path. Hundreds of vessels were left burning and thousands of players despawned. I can only imagine the amount of diamonds and emeralds that were on those ships, and I can only weep imagining how they're now left forever.

Intending to finish this once and for all, we found a clue that would lead us to the pirates. A trail of fog, left from their ship. Strange, I know, but we followed it anyway. All through the night and early into the morning, we pursued this trail, intent on putting an end to 'Team Grieferz'.

Little did we realize we were sailing into a trap.

They led us into a field of fog, leaving us near unaware of our surroundings. That was followed by a surprise attack from their black vessel, pounding our ship with rounds of TNT. We returned fire, but they somehow managed to dodge every single shot.

Changing tactics, we decided to use magic against them. I attempted to freeze the sea under them… to no avail. Charles elected to throw stacks of TNT at them, but before the explosives could reach the ship, they were destroyed by some sort of shield.

A shield that repels Admin powers mind you. The most overpowered powers in the game.

With no other options, we called upon a great wind to propel our ship from the battlefield. We were tossed into the fog, crossing the sea like a… like a… really fast fish.

And we ended up here. An ancient temple, well out of the way of any civilization I'm aware of. Trapped with no indication of where we actually were, we decided to wait for the Admins to contact us. In the meantime, Charles and Mance found a strange looking scroll in one of the temples, depicting some sort of giant squid monster…

And that's when we received a message from the Admins.

Return home immediately. Team Grieferz has called upon a great and mighty evil. The Admins have been overwhelmed. Dozens of cities have been destroyed in a matter of hours. We need your help if we are to defeat them.

It looked like the battle had only just begun…

PROLOGUE

ATTENTION! THIS IS A SERVER-WIDE ANNOUNCEMENT!

DUE TO SEVERAL ATTACKS FROM THE GROUP KNOWN AS TEAM GRIEFERZ, ALL CITIZENS ARE HEREBY FORBIDDEN FROM TRAVELING TO COSTAL CITIES. ANY CITY LOCATED BY THE SEA IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER.

ANYONE LIVING IN THESE CITIES WILL SOON BE EVACUATED, DUE TO THE MASSIVE DANGER OF THIS CURRENT SITUATION. SHOULD YOUR AREA COME UNDER ATTACK, PLEASE RETREAT IN A CALM AND ORDERLY MANNER.

REST ASSURED THAT THE ADMINS ARE DOING EVERYTHING IN THEIR POWER TO STOP TEAM GRIEFERZ. PLEASE ACCEPT OUR CONDOLENCES FOR ANY LOST ITEMS AND TREAT YOURSELF TO A MEAL AT BURGER QUEEN'S, ON US.

STAY SAFE AND KEEP ON MINING THOSE DIAMONDS!

WITH LOVE,

THE HEAD ADMIN

DAY 1

Well, this is quite the situation we're in, isn't it?

Thousands of blocks away from any form of land, utterly alone in this desolate place.

"You still have us," Charles remarked.

Oh gosh, the situation is worse than I thought.

It's been a few days since we were first 'marooned here'. Don't get me wrong, we can still move the ship. The question is whether or not we want to. The spell we used to get us away from 'Team Grieferz' has propelled us to somewhere we can't find on the map.

And to make matters worse, someone ate the last cookie which was supposed to be for me.

So what is one to do in this situation? Well, most people would bury their heads in the water and cry their eyes out. But not me. Not the great and mighty Dan Danger. Or is it Danger Dan? I always get my name mixed up.

"If you could stop rambling, perhaps you'd like to help me with this darned device?"

Oh right. Sorry mother!

Charles and I have been working on our communication devices. For whatever reason, we can't get into contact with the Admins, even though they were able to send us a message. However, Charles is confident that if he messes around with the device enough, he should be able to find a way to contact them.

"Pass the hammer."

…

I'm somewhat worried now.

As for the rest of the crew, they aren't much better. Luckless Larry has fallen into the ocean… twice. Valiant Viktor keeps telling us that we're all a bunch of rulebreakers for using magic when we weren't supposed to. Huge Hugo keeps smashing tables and chairs, and Magic Mance is just practicing card tricks… which he keeps getting wrong.

"Is this your card?"

No.

In fact, the only one who seems relatively calm is Brian the sailor. Strange, considering how much he despises 'Team Grieferz'. He's just been studying the maps, attempting to chart a course back home. But as I mentioned before, we can't find where we are. Like this place was never charted on the maps.

Right now, our only hope is to get in contact with the Admins and pray they can find a way to get us home. Otherwise, Team Grieferz has got a one-way ticket to cause as much destruction and mayhem as they please.

Charles and I will find a way to reach them. Right now, that is the sole task on our minds. There is nothing, and I mean nothing, that could hope to distract us from our mission. I swear on the lives of everyone in Minecraftia that we shall not rest until we've found a way out of these accursed-

"DINNER TIME! WE CAUGHT SOME MORE SHRIMP!"

…

Right after a tasty meal of shrimp, that is.

DAY 2

We've done it!

"You mean I did it."

I didn't think we'd manage to do it, but after long hours of working through the night-

"After I worked long hours through the night."

We've managed to establish a link with Admin HQ!

"I MANAGED TO ESTABLISH A LINK WITH ADMIN- MRMHMHMH?"

Thank goodness for that spare roll of duct tape.

"Who is this? Identify yourselves!" barked a voice from the communication crystal.

"It's your best friend Phil," I rolled my eyes.

"Phil? I thought you were in a food coma after winning that pie-eating contest."

"I mean err, it's Greg."

"Greg? I thought you were busy writing Minecraft fanfiction."

"I mean, err…"

"This is Charles Brilliant," Charles snatched the device from me, having removed his duct tape, "Head Admin, is that you?"

"It is," a burst of static came from the device, "I'm guessing that was Dan?"

"Correct," Charles sighed, "we got your message, but we're in a bit of a predicament right now."

"Well you'd best get out of that predicament right away. Things are not looking good over here."

"What's going on exactly?"

"Team Grieferz. They've managed to summon some sort of giant creature that's begun terrorizing our cities and despawning everything in sight."

"That's not a very helpful description," I pointed out.

"What more do you want me to say? It's a giant fish!"

"A giant fish," Charles began rummaging through his backpack, "Head Admin, enable video mode."

And so he did, and we were greeted with the Head Admin's glorious mustache.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Take a look," Charles showed him the scroll he and Mance had found back in the temple, depicting a giant, squid-like creature.

"That's it!" the Head Admin nodded, "That's the creature that's been attacking… but what are those markings on the paper?"

Markings? All I'd seen were a few squiggly lines.

"Interesting… they're written in one of Minecraft's oldest languages. Hang on, I may be able to translate it."

His eyes ran over the paper a few times, as he twirled his mustache and pulled out a dictionary,

"Yes… yes… I think I've got it."

"What does it say?" Charles asked, a small smile on his lips.

"This is a drawing of a giant squid monster attacking a boat."

I facepalmed.

“We’re aware of that,” I sighed, “We don’t need the tagline translated to figure it out. Is there anything else?”

“Not much,” the Head Admin admitted, “it appears to be the start of some kind of spell… but the remainder of the scroll is missing. I can only assume that Team Grieferz found the scroll, summoned the creature and then removed the important part.”

“Seems kinda stupid” Charles pointed out.

“Well, there are pirates.”

“What do you want us to do now?” I asked, waiting for the Head Admin to give us some sort of spell or item that would take us home in a jiffy.

“I need you to get home,” he told us, and both Charles and I facepalmed.

“As we said Admin, we’re in a spot of bother. We engaged in battle with Team Grieferz and managed to escape, but now we have no idea where we are. We can’t even find this place on the map.”

“You can’t?” the Head Admin raised a troubled eyebrow, before shaking his head, “Then, I can only assume you’re in the one place beyond my help… The Lost Sea.”

“The Lost Sea? Can’t be all that lost if we found it,” I chuckled.

“Enough with the jokes,” the Head Admin snapped, “It’s no wonder a scroll like that is in The Lost Sea. The point is that you’re in a place where the power of the Admins has no effect. And for all the sailors that have ventured into that wretched place, only one ship has ever returned.”

“Whose?” Charles questioned with shaky breath.

“We all know the answer to that. They’re the ones causing us so much trouble.”

DAY 3

So Team Grieferz emerged from The Lost Sea itself?

It makes sense, in some strange way. When Captain Hammer waged war on the pirates so many years ago, it would make sense that some were able to survive. And what better place to hide than The Lost Sea?

We spoke with the Head Admin for some time, who told us everything he knew about the Lost Sea and what to expect.

“Strange monsters lurking beneath the ocean, thick barriers of fog that block your vision and of course, man-eating chickens.”

He wasn’t joking either. We’ve managed to end up in the one place in Minecraft no player is supposed to go. Though you’d think The Lost Sea would be a little harder to find.

We met with the crew to discuss our next move. That was certainly a productive conversation.

“If the Head Admin says we are beyond help, then so be it,” said Valiant Viktor, “we must not disappoint our superiors.”

“Looks like I’m not the only one who doesn’t have any luck,” Luckless Larry chuckled.

“For every five seconds we remain trapped here, I shall smash a table!” Huge Hugo promised.

“But you’ve already smashed all the tables,” Magic Mance stuttered.

“Then Hugo shall smash people instead.”

“No smashing,” I snarled, “and no sitting around either. The Head Admin didn’t forbid us from going back, he just said it was pretty much impossible. I intend to prove him wrong.”

“And how are we going to manage that?” Charles asked, “You seem to have forgotten just where we are.”

“I’ve already figured out how to escape,” I shot back.

Wait, what?

“And how’s that?”

“Simple. We keep sailing.”

“Say that again?”

“We keep sailing onwards.”

“Do the words ‘Lost Sea’ mean nothing to you?”

“Oh they do,” Charles nodded, “but as a very famous pirate once said: you have to be lost to find a place that can't be found.”

“You didn’t get that from a movie, did you?”

“… No.”

“Alright then, I’m in,” Charles nodded.

“AS ARE WE!” cheered the bounty hunters.

“Great,” I grinned, “now has anyone seen the sailor?”

“CLETUS!”

From below the deck, we could hear crying.

“Probably best to leave him for a few minutes,” I decided, instead heading for top deck to take the wheel.

Next stop: Whiteport!

DAY 4

It has begun.

True to the Head Admin's word, we've already begun to experience the strange offerings that The Lost Sea has for us. Namely, a giant veil of fog.

"Are you sure we should be sailing into that?" Brian asked me.

"Of course," I replied, "wait a minute! Aren't you supposed to be the sailor here?"

"I never passed sailing school," he admitted.

A bombshell announcement from our supposedly veteran sailor.

"Whatever, it can't be helped now. Head straight into the fog. It's not like anything bad is going to happen."

I do have a tendency of jinxing pretty much everything.

The second the boat moved into the fog, we could feel it. This strange, prickling sensation which ran across our skin. That seemed to suck the very heat from the air, leaving us cold, frozen husks…

"You've been reading way too many fantasy novels," Charles shook his head.

Hey, just because I want to entertain my readers.

We kept a careful eye out for even the slightest bit of movement. This fog would be the perfect place for someone to ambush us after all. But whether that someone would be Team Grieferz or some sort of sea monster, we'd soon find out.

"What was that?" Mance asked, as the boat rocked slightly.

"Just the wind," I shrugged, but Charles shook his head.

"There's barely any wind to push the ship, let alone rock it."

It happened again. Like when a Minecart goes over a particularly bumpy section of track. And again. And again.

"Just what is that?" I hissed.

And that's when the sea serpent emerged from the water.

Us Minecraftians never have to deal with anything that dangerous. Oh sure, we battle the occasional skeleton and zombie, and on rare events we get to take on Ender Dragons and Withers. But this was something new entirely. Something that hadn't been seen for decades.

"BRACE FOR IMPACT!" Brian cried out, as the serpent crashed into the side of the ship, nearly tipping it over completely. The rest of the crew and I managed to grab hold of something, but the TNT cannons on the starboard side of the ship (that's the right side) were sent to the briny depths.

"LOAD THE CANNONS!" Charles ordered, as the sea serpent dived back under water, "MOVE HALF TO THE PORT SIDE!"

Two on the left. Two on the right. Not a great amount of firepower. Still, it'd have to do.

"It's coming back around!" Larry yelled, as the sea serpent emerged in front of the ship, attempting to bash into the metal hull once again.

"BOUNTY HUNTERS, ATTACK!"

Charles and Mance had their bows out, firing at the beast with incredible speed and ferocity. The sea serpent was filled with arrows, and it hissed as it retreated back underwater, away from the danger.

"Cannons loaded!" Huge Hugo announced.

“Alright then,” Charles decided, “Larry and Viktor, you’re on the port side. Dan and Hugo, you’re on the right. Mance and I will shoot at it when it rears its ugly head. You guys blast it. Brian, you keep the ship steady.”

I wanted to ask who’d made him captain, but seeing as it wasn’t that bad a plan, I figured we should go along with it.

The sea serpent popped up on the starboard side not two seconds later, letting out a bellowing cry. We responded with a yell of our own, in the form of explosions.

“COME AND GET SOME!” I yelled.

“YOU’LL MAKE A FINE MEAL FISHY!” Hugo grinned.

I reminded myself not to sit near him when he was hungry.

It was just like a video game boss fight. The beast would appear on the left, on the right and then in front of the ship. And each time, we were there to meet him with arrows and TNT, slowly wearing down the creature and reducing its invisible health bar.

“It’s working!” Charles switched his bow for a blade, as the sea serpent’s head crashed onto the deck. Now was our chance to finish it. We all drew our swords, axes and sticks and rushed the creature whilst it was down.

A few dozen swipes later, and nothing remained except a few floating items and a puff of black smoke.

“What is this stuff?” Mance asked, picking up one of the items and examining it. It was like nothing we’d ever seen before.

“Equipment from an old era,” I explained, “people would pay a king’s ransom for these sort of items.”

“Looks like we’ll be going home rich men,” Charles chuckled, as the crew gathered round to praise him for his glorious victory. Heck, even I found myself giving him a pat on the back for a job well done.

“What was that, Dan?”

Nothing.

“It sounded like you were complimenting me.”

I SAID NOTHING!

“Sure you didn’t.”

Note to self, must be more discreet. Still, no time to worry about his massive ego. That sea serpent battle wasted too much of our time. We needed to get back home, and quickly!

DAY 5

Turns out the sea serpent wasn't the most dangerous thing we've had to face.

There was more of a wind today, allowing us to sail at a much faster pace. Which is a good thing too, considering we just lost most of our supplies.

Around lunchtime, I went on down to the pantry to gather something to eat. Whilst I was expecting to find a delicious meal, I instead found a giant hole in the side of the ship, with all of our food chests missing.

I alerted the others, but we have no idea how this happened. We thought it might have been the sea serpent, until we realized he hadn't managed to breach the hull.

Then, that's when we began spotting it.

We thought it was an illusion at first, caused by the strange way the fog looked. But when almost everyone on the boat began reporting it, I started to wonder if that wasn't the case.

There's another boat around here.

Sometimes, if you look carefully into the distance and squint really hard, you'll see it. It's not the largest vessel, nor the most dangerous looking. But it's chilling to stare at. All I've been able to make out so far is a rotting hulk of wood floating in the waters, with a sail bearing a black skull and crossed bones.

Sometimes it's just ahead of us. Other times behind us. And on occasion, you'll see it floating right beside us. I've got no idea what it is or why they're doing this, but I'm more driven than ever before to get out of these cursed waters before we up as another lost soul.

As for food, we've resorted to fishing, which hasn't been very productive. We've gathered up enough shrimp for a meal tonight, but we're low on bait and the fishing rods look like they'll snap at any minute. To make matters even worse, we're also down to our last bottle of ketchup.

Truly we are in a perilous situation.

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Another update: things have gone from bad to worse.

As if the lack of supplies wasn't bad enough, that ship keeps reappearing. It seems every time I look out to see, I spot the blasted vessel sailing across the waters, as if searching for its next victim. I'm certain it's no trick now.

The question remains though. What is it exactly? Another boat lost in these waters? Perhaps a friend of 'Team Grieferz'? Or maybe, something… more. Something far worse. Something that would chill the bones of even the hardiest of men.

Except for me of course. There's nothing on these blasted waters that'll frighten me.

I spoke with Charles about it. He thinks we should just keep our distance and continue sailing. After all, they don't appear to have any weapons onboard their craft. If they did, surely they would have attacked us? Yeah, that has to be right.

Alright then, that's the plan. Keep them at arm's length and just make sure they don't try to make a move. Maybe they're like Endermen! They won't bother us as long as we don't bother them.

I sincerely hope that is the case.

DAY 6

By the son of Notch, the Head Admin was right.

Our situation was growing more perilous by the day. There were barely any fish to catch and that cursed ghost ship seemed to be veering closer and closer, no matter our efforts to avoid it. The bounty hunters were growing more and more anxious, and at one point Brian himself went below deck, fearing for his life.

It was at this point I took the helm, trying to steer the ship through the fog and away from our pursuer as best as I could. But no matter where I managed to turn our vessel, our enemy grew closer by the second.

And that's when we saw it.

A break in the fog, free from all the madness. A chance to elude the other ship and to finally get some visibility. I wasted no time in sailing straight through it.

It was like a glorious breath of fresh air hitting us in the face, as we finally escaped the wretched cold smog we'd travelled through for days. My fellows were delighted, as we sailed forth as fast as the winds would carry us, with no sign of the ghost ship pursuing.

"Perhaps it can only remain in the fog," Valiant Viktor suggested, and I was inclined to agree with him.

It seemed that Lady Luck wanted to rectify all the bad things she'd caused throughout our journal, for soon enough we were not only free from the fog, but we'd also spotted an island a short distance away. A place to rest up and gather supplies.

"Are you sure it's safe?" Charles asked me, "An island in the middle of The Lost Sea doesn't reassure me all that much."

He did have a point. Sometimes Charles was actually right, as rare as those occasions were. Not wanting to risk anything happening to my loyal crew, I sent him off to the island to check it out on a rowboat.

He returned not three hours later, with an inventory full of chicken.

"The Head Admin was right," he grinned, barely able to move, "the island was home to giant chickens. The biggest you've ever seen. I made sure to gather enough food to get us all home."

And so we feasted well that night .We were all happier than we'd been in ages. We'd managed to elude the enemy boat and Charles had filled our bellies. We all toasted him with bowls of mushroom and chicken soup, before proceeding to eat ourselves into a food coma.

"What's going on here?"

Oh yeah, we totally forgot about Brian. The guy who accompanied us because Team Grieferz were responsible for capturing his pet chicken. It never occurred to me that he might actually get annoyed for eating Cletus' family.

At any rate, he wasn't happy to say the least. It took all of us bounty hunters to hold him down, and even then he managed to knock out Luckless Larry and bonk Hugo over the head with a frying pan. Needless to say. Hugo didn't react well.

No matter. The situation has since been dealt with, and it's safe to say that Brian won't miss his pet chicken anymore.

"Are you talking about the fact that we left the sailor on the island with the giant poultry?"

Indeed I am.

"Are you sure we shouldn't go back and get him?"

What’s he going to do? Chase us down whilst riding on the back of a giant chicken?

“Knowing our luck, that might just happen.”

A good point. I’ll tell Mance to blast any flying chickens out of the sky.

“Very good!”

And now we sail onwards, to what I hope will be our freedom from this awful place…

DAY 7

I’m never sailing again.

It was early in the morning. All through the night, the ship had drifted onwards through the empty ocean. And I mean empty ocean. There wasn’t anything in sight. No islands. No boats. Not even fish splashing through the water. Even the wind was barely audible.

“I don’t like this,” Charles sighed, “it’s too quiet.”

I had to agree with him diary… even if I’m not as much of a coward as he is.

“That implies you are a little bit cowardly.”

Quiet you, or I’ll look ye in the brig.

“Nice work practicing on your pirate speak.”

Arrr.

We continued onwards, morning turning into midday and midday turning into afternoon. The crew were all anxious and on edge, just waiting for the moment the enemy would pounce on us. Yet no matter how much they yearned for battle, it never came.

At least, not until we found the exit.

Yes, the exit to The Lost Sea. Presumably the one place in Minecraft no man can hope to escape from. Well guess what? I managed to find the one way out of there.

“I thought this was a team effort.”

Charles, there’s a lovely space in the cells that I would love to fill. And I will, unless you keep your trap shut.

“I’ll be good.”

Ergh. Anyways, we were on the verge of leaving The Lost Sea once and for all, when a round of cannon fire sounded the presence of our foe.

The ghost ship was on us once again.

I hadn’t forgotten the vessel, barely afloat and looking as if it’d rotted away at the bottom of the ocean for thousands of years. It was upon us once again, with no fog to mask its appearance. Only TNT cannons to roll the red carpet.

“Battle stations!” Charles cried, as we prepared for the oncoming conflict.

What the ghost ship seemed to have lacked in firepower before was apparently false. TNT cannons adorned the port and starboard, loaded with explosions and ready to fire. I ran my eyes over the deck, searching for an enemy captain to deal with. But I found nothing. There was not a single soul manning the ship.

So sea serpents, blankets of fog, man-eating (not anymore) chickens and now ghost ships. Things were really starting to get interesting.

We returned fire immediately, using the same strategy as we did on the sea serpent. Except this time, Charles was steering the boat. Seeing as there weren’t any available TNT cannons, Mance basically sat around.

Throughout the battle, we struggled to maintain a distance between us and the ghost ship. No matter what tricks we pulled, they had the faster vessel. With that in mind, we only had one option.

We’d have to blast them out of the water.

Whenever they drew close, our cannons would blast them relentlessly. If they tried to return fire, Mance would shoot down their blocks of TNT with his arrows. If they tried to retreat, Charles would slow the boat as we loaded the cannons for another round of fire.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Each attack tore into the side of the enemy's hull, slowing tearing the rotting husk apart. Each impact brought us a little bit closer to victory, as several rounds of TNT blasts later, I saw their ship start to slow down.

"It's working," I cried, and we turned the boat around to face them once again.

We were utterly without mercy, blasting holes in every portion of the ship our weapons could reach. If it had looked bad before, it resembled a soggy pile of timber now. The cannons decimated the deck, the sails and their weapons, before blowing the ship on its side, where it slowly began to sink to the briny depths.

A victory is a victory as they say, but this didn't feel like one. Our enemy had barely fought back, and we'd successfully destroyed them and their ship. And although the crew is happy and cheering and helping themselves to extra chicken, there was a question that refused to leave my mind.

Just what had been controlling the ghost ship?

WEEK 2

DAY 8

Home at last.

The moment our ship passed through the exit, we were returned to the realm of the living. The Found Sea. Haha.

“Not funny.”

It totally was.

Of course, there weren’t hundreds upon thousands of villagers, waiting to greet us with open arms and open hearts. No, if reports were anything to believe then they were probably being served as squid food right now.

“Head Admin, do you read me?” Charles raced onto the deck with his cystal in hand, “This is Charles Brilliant. Are you there?”

“Where the heck have you been?” the Head Admin hissed, “Just how long does it take someone to find their way out of The Lost Sea?”

“Nice to see you too Head Admin, how are the wife and kids?” I chuckled.

“Fine, thanks for asking,” He hissed, “but enough about my family. You guys couldn’t have come at a better moment. That squid monster is on the move and probably looking for its next meal. We need you guys to get over here as quickly as you can!”

“And where is here?” I sighed. For all his power, the Head Admin was a few sandwiches short of a picnic. Poor guy.

“Whiteport, but you can’t delay! The creature is on the horizon! Our powers are having no effect against it. We need backup and we need it now.”

Why the Head Admin though that some bounty hunters who weren’t even officially members of the Admin community could help him out, I’ll never know. But we weren’t going to turn him down.

“Alright, we’re on our way,” I promised, directing Charles to grab the wheel. I knew where we were. A short distance away I could spot the Fair Island, known for hosting fairs and festivals. To our right was Christmas Island, home of now extinct giant chick-

Huh. Guess they’re not so extinct now. Or at least they weren’t.

Anyways, onwards to Whiteport. Hopefully where we could finally end this battle once and for all.

***

Whiteport was in a sorry state.

Team Grieferz had already attacked once before, leaving it bad enough. A second assault seemed to have finished the town for good. The buildings were little more than piles of rubble, the docks had been burnt to cinders and the town was empty.

In fact, the only activity were flashes of red and green, as the Admins threw spells against Team Grieferz’s black flagship.

Still, they were distracted. And if Admin magic wasn’t going to harm them, then maybe our TNT cannons could cause some damage.

“We don’t have many blocks left,” Luckless Larry noted, “we can fire off one round of attacks but that’s it.”

“That’s all we’ll need!” I clenched my fist, “move all the cannons to the port side and ready them to fire.”

And so they did. The explosive weapons were prepped and targeted at Team Grieferz's ship, which seemed a little preoccupied with blowing what little remained of Whiteport to smithereens. Oh how it would be there undoing.

"Ready…"

This was it. The attack that could very well save Minecraftia or leave it to be pillaged by pirates for the next one hundred years.

"Aim…"

Man, the Admins were going to owe us big time. This was the second time we'd saved their behinds, and I planned to cash in.

But first, we had trouble to deal with.

"FIRE!"

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

The cannons sang their song of destruction, propelling seventy two and a half tons of TNT in the general direction of the swashbucklers. Some explosives landed harmlessly in the water and some even managed to strike the town.

But the bulk of them hit their mark, with no force field to stop them this time. In the span of a few seconds, the great and mighty vessel lit up like Netherrack, before exploding in a bright flash.

"WE DID IT!" I cried out, and the bounty hunters began jumping up and down in joy.

Thud.

Huh?

Thud. Thud.

"Do you guys hear something?" I asked, but a quick glance in their direction told me they were too busy celebrating.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

With no TNT left to spare, I drew my sword. I peered over the edge of the ship, attempting to spot what might cause such a racket.

Turns out I didn't need to, for a second later I found myself doused in salt water, face to face with a beast of immense proportions. Hundreds of tentacles ran across the ship, and when it opened its gaping mouth it showed thousands of razor-sharp teeth.

Team Grieferz were defeated, but now we had their pet Kraken to contend with.

NEXT TIME:

THE KRAKEN HAS RISEN!

Danger Dan and Charles Brilliant are the best bounty hunters Minecraft has to offer, but can they take on the ocean's greatest threat?

Team Grieferz might be beaten, but now Dan and Charles must deal with what the pirates have unleashed on the world. The Kraken, an ancient creature capable of pulling continents into the sea.

As time runs short, Dan and Charles must decipher an ancient riddle and acquire a powerful weapon, if they're to have any hope of escaping a fishy end…

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